
Title: TheThird Age of the Dreaming IV

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The blow struck
home. Steel struck
bone with a sickening
crunch. Valdyr's face
contorted with pain as
the elf grinned
wickedly, twisting
his sword and driving
it further into his
side.

"May the gods have
mercy on your soul,
enemy of my liege."

Valdyr would not
accept his defeat so
readily. He gathered
his strength, and
grasped at the blade
digging into his side.
The sword dislodged
itself from his ribs,
and he pulled it out
with a slurping noise.

With a yell of pure
pain and agony, he
drove the blade back
into it's master. The
elf, with an
astonished look on his
face, fell to the
ground, coughing
blood. After several
convulsions, he lay
still.

Valdyr propped
himself up on his
sword, and began to
make his way to
over to Erurie.

"Must... protect..." he
thought. But even as
he began to move, his
vision became blurry
and distorted.

"Noo....." groaned
Valdyr. He fell over
in a pool of blood and
lay still.

Erurie woke a short time later.

"Oh, that hurt..." she said as she got up, massaging her temples.

"Oh no! Valdyr!"

She ran over to his still form, checking for the hopeful signs of life.

His pulse was weak, and his breathing extremely shallow, but never the less, he was alive. She cast a spell upon him, to carry him back to her home. She was weak in the magical Healing, so she would have to rely on the traditional ways of doing it.

Night came, and Valdyr's wounds had gotten none the better.

Erurie had surrounded him with healing candles, applied various healing salves and performed the many rituals of healing.

None seemed to do anything for him.

She sat down on a stool next to him, layed her head on his chest and cried.

"You saved my life... but I can't help you...." she mumbled through her tears.

The darkness began tugging at her vision, and eventually envelopped her.

She awoke the next morning to find herself in her bed, covered, with cup of hot tea and a peice of parchment next to her bed. Valdyr was nowhere to be seen. She picked up the

parchment, and a
silver chain with a
star on it fell out. She
unfolded it and it
read:

Erurie,
I don't know how, but i
awoke this morning,
and all my wounds
had healed by some
miracle, I cannot
thank you enough. I
am nothing but a
danger to you, and I am
unable to protect you
from the dangers.
Inside you will find a
ward against evil, it
has been passed
through my family
for generations. Keep
it safe, and I will
return for it. Again,
thank you very much.

Valdyr

She smiled at the
gesture.
"Don't get yourself
killed. I can't keep
this forever you
know."

Walking down the
road, Valdyr just
began to smile. He
couldn't explain it.
"I guess the gods are
smiling today."
He walked off,
searching for
someone that could
help him.